

XXIII 6

# THE CRESCENT

PACIFIC COLLEGE

APRIL, 1912

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## THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXIII.

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### Reminiscences of a School Year at Southland College

Landonia had worked hard all the long hot summer, faithfully picking cotton in her father's big cotton patch. How tired she had often grown dragging the long cotton sack behind her, and her fingers and back ached, and her head swam until she could hardly see the great big balls of cotton before her. But picking cotton was different and more interesting this summer than ever before, because every pound of cotton only added that much more money which would be the means of taking her to Southland College that fall.

At last the cooler October days came. Eight or ten times that day before her departure she had peeked into the new little trunk where were folded away her simple but scrupulously clean clothes. The journey was all too short, and there at the little station was the wagon and the big mule team. Landonia and her mother got in and after a two-mile drive they reached what the colored man who drove called Southland College. He pointed out to them the large school building,



Central Hall, where the white teachers live and where the big students' dining room is located, the boys' hall, and the girls' hall. All of which looked magnificent in Landonia's eyes. At last they drew up before Central Hall and were greeted by the kind president and the sweet-faced matron. Landonia thought she was going to be afraid of the president, but after he had given her her school books, and called a girl to show her to her room, she felt much better, and thought she surely had never seen any one smile so pleasantly as he.

The next morning it was with a great big lump in her throat that she said good-by to her mother, and all day she seemed to hear her mother's parting words, "Now you all be a good chile, 'cause yer papa and mama wants ter be proud of you." That day the matron assigned her outside work; she had hoped to do dining-room work, but her mother could not pay full tuition, so she was given kitchen work. It seemed rather hard at first to make up dough for two hundred biscuits each meal, but it was lots of fun to bake them in the great big kitchen range. School work was fine, and to be "gettin' larnin' from a white teacher," was truly wonderful.

One day the cook told Landonia to get a chicken ready for dinner. She picked out a fine plump one, carefully pulled all the feathers out, without even stopping to kill the poor chicken. Then, O grief! the hen got away from her and ran out into the yard without a feather on its back. This attracted some of the smaller children and soon a whole row of pickaninnies were running after the frightened chicken which took refuge clear under the laundry. The president, hearing the noise, arrived on the scene just in time to see a featherless chicken disappear and hear its frightened cry.

He began to reprove Landonia, and to tell her it hurt the chicken just as badly to have its feathers pulled out that way as it would to pull her hairs out one by one. The big black tears rolled down her bright, shiny face as she sobbed, "Why, yer al'ays pick geese alive!"

That evening she stood outside the parlor and listened to the beautiful music. The quartet was practising a song for Sunday, and how she loved singing! The chorus of the song especially attracted her attention:

"Pilot me, pilot me!  
Take the helm in Thine own hand,  
Bring my sinking barque to land.  
Pilot me, pilot me!  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

She was overcome, and folding her hands she prayed, "O, Lor' if youse only will sen' down salvation and speak peace to my soul, this pore sinful niggah will nevah do a wicked thing no mo'." That winter at the big revival meeting Landonia really got religion, and she never was so happy in all her life as she ran down the aisles shouting, and clapping her hands, shaking hands, first with one then another. Her face was glorified with the new light which had sprung up within her.

One memorable day, Sam, one of the big college boys, asked her to go to a party with him next Friday evening. That very evening he asked her, she closed the door of her room and with the help of her chum they used the hot iron on her hair to straighten it out, and having a bottle of "nokink," a generous supply was put on. Then the hair was all braided up into a dozen or more little pig-tails and was kept that way until the night of the party, when they were all combed out, and her big, beautiful hair bows were pinned on. "If only



Ise had more hair," she said. "My mother has ten children and Ise the only one who is deformed." "And how are you deformed?" asked her friend. "Why can't youse all see? Ise ain't got no hair!" Nevertheless, she enjoyed the party immensely. She had never seen tables look more beautiful; the white teachers had decorated them, and they were loaded with good things to eat.

How quickly the school year flew by! Commencement was near at hand, and to take part in the final exhibition meant lots of work. Her mother and father were coming, so she must do her very best. She was in the May-pole drill and every evening it was necessary to go round and round the pole and learn all sorts of intricate movements. The white teacher who was drilling them said it was the most beautiful part of the program. But for her life she couldn't see anything beautiful in going around a bare pole holding on to a long muslin string. But the day before the final performance, with the pole wrapped in blue and with red and white streamers, it seemed much nicer. At last the long-looked-for day arrived. Her mother and father were there and the whole chapel was crowded with colored folks who had come from far and near to hear the program. After recitations, songs, and dialogues, the May-pole drill was given. It was applauded again and again, and all the girls felt repaid for the hard work they had put into it.

The next day was Commencement. Early in the morning people began to arrive, in fact they had been arriving all week. At last all were crowded into the chapel eagerly waiting to hear the orations. The piano began to play and in filed the teachers followed by the graduating class. A solemn hush fell over the audience

as one by one the orations were given, and each mother gave a sigh of relief as her son or daughter finished his production. The quartet solemnly but sweetly sang "Crossing the Bar." Then as the piano played softly all quietly left the room.

In the afternoon about five hundred colored people were gathered together on the campus, and there was an incessant chatter as old friends met who had not seen one another since last Commencement. Altho there was much happiness that day, among the students there was sadness because this was the day of parting. Landonia's little trunk was already packed and placed in the big wagon, and slowly together with her father and mother they rode away, while the students were singing:

"Southland College, how we love thee!  
Thou hast taught us lessons true,  
And we never will forget them,  
But will use them all life through.  
Southland College, now we're leaving,  
But we hope to come again;  
Tender memories round thee clinging,  
Make us honor and love thy name."

E. JONES.

### A Fishing Trip

Cape Kiwandi, a small promontory on the Coast about forty miles north of Newport, often witnesses some exciting fishing scenes. Many of the people in the neighborhood of Springbrook and Newberg, spending their vacations along that part of the beach, visit this place for the purpose of trying their luck at catching black bass.



On the south side of the cape a small cove is washed out in the rocks. As might be expected the pleasantest places for fishing are not often frequented by the fish. To catch the fish it is necessary to get out on the low rocks on the southwest side of the inlet, which is possible only at low tide, and often is not very safe then, especially if the wind is blowing.

The black bass which are caught there are rather a gamy fish of good size. A six- or seven-pounder is nothing uncommon. They travel in large schools feeding upon the smelt, which they drive in to the shore in order to catch them more easily amongst the rocks. As a school comes in they are jumping after the smelt so hard that they come clear up out of the water and turn over, going down again with a splash. Such a sight is enough to excite and thrill any angler, and if we could only have the privilege of seeing our worthy President Pennington in action on such an occasion, it would undoubtedly be worth more than the experience of catching several bass ourselves.

One chilly, foggy morning last August, when the waves were pounding hard on the rocks and the tide would not go very low, my friend, Paul, and myself made our appearance at the fishing place. A few others were there before us, but had caught nothing as yet. As it lacked an hour or so of low tide we whiled away part of the time fishing on the east side but had no success as we expected so we soon came back and started for the west side.

We had just about reached there when I noticed the fish were beginning to jump and splash at the surface of the water and remarked, "Guess I'll fish a little." As Paul was of the same mind, having spied the fish also, we quickly took up positions on some of the nearer

rocks where there was no danger of getting anything more than a good ducking from the boisterous waves that were dashing about them. And, oh my! you ought to have seen the fish! (It almost equaled some of Dick's fish stories.) It was the largest school we had ever seen in there and they seemed to be the hungriest, for we scarcely had our hooks in the water before each of us had a fish, and they kept biting so fast that we had no time to help each other land them as we usually did.

Then some one shouts, "Look out for that wave!" and we looked around in time to see a huge wave coming, but were too late to run, so we braced our feet and took it, getting wet to a little above our knees, with a few quarts of spray coming down on us from above for good measure. But what does a little wetting like that amount to when the fish are biting fine? The water was literally full of them, and they were right up close around the rocks so that it was no trouble getting a hook out to them.

We were using artificial minnows and bamboo poles about twenty feet long which were not stiff enough to lift the fish clear out of the water. So after getting one to the top of the water or up to the rocks we had to wade out in the shallow water to get them and carry them back out of reach of the waves, which were washing over the rocks every two or three minutes.

The two of us caught nineteen bass from that place in a comparatively short time; in the meantime, however, getting soaking wet up to our waists, and comparatively damp the rest of the way up. Indeed, I remember distinctly of getting several good sized drops of spray, from one big wave, down my neck, which caused a pleasant feeling for a while as the ocean water is very cold.



While we were resting a little from our labors with the fish and the sea, some of our fellow-fishermen, who had not had such good luck, came up and wanted to buy our tackle. We had about all the fish we wanted, and as we were expecting to leave camp in a day or two anyway, we sold out all except some ordinary hooks and a little extra line.

Gathering up our catch, we carried them to the top of the precipice overlooking the fishing grounds. From here we noticed that the bass were just as plentiful as ever and apparently as hungry so we decided that we needed a few more to fill out our string. We found a couple of old wooden poles in the brush to which we tied some line and a hook. Armed with these we went down the hill, picked up some smelt for bait, and waded out about knee deep into the water and went to fishing again. By this time we thoroughly enjoyed being in the water and having the waves come pretty well up to our waists. We soon satisfied ourselves by adding thirteen more to our string and decided that the rest were better saved for another time. Paul donated his pole and line to some other people who caught several more before we finally got out of sight.

Our thirty-two bass made a load of about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, which was quite sufficient for two to carry up a long sand hill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. By making two trips we all arrived at the top and after another hour's work reached camp, a little tired of course, but with the biggest catch of the season.

H. H. H. '15.



Oliver Vincent, formerly a High School student, has enrolled as a junior in the Academy.

### P. M. C. A. Notes

The summer conference held at Columbia Beach, June 14-23, will have a good sized representation from Pacific College. Already several have made known their intention to go and doubtless others will decide to attend. The delegation last year was the largest we ever had—there being eight—and we want to keep up the size of the delegation. It means much to the association if it has leaders who are up on methods and are acquainted with the work of sister associations. Beside those practical benefits is the inspiration gained at one of these conferences. No association can prosper unless its leaders are inspired in their work, and there is no place so fitted to give inspiration and a deepening of spiritual life as a student summer conference.

There has been a slight decrease in the attendance at our devotional meetings and yet there is a good spiritual atmosphere in the meetings. The co-operation of every one in the meetings is a noticable feature in the past month. During the spring and summer is the time to lay up store for next year's work. By very earnest prayer and consistent work, and life let us make a successful year possible.

Lewis, Hawkins, Hadley and Pickett have been leaders for the respective devotional meetings this month. Our devotional meetings are constantly a source of help to us.

The new officers elected are Arthur B. George, president; Olin C. Hadley, vice president; Harry Harworth, secretary, and Ellis Pickett, treasurer.

C. A. L.



## Base Ball.

## MCMINNVILLE 9, PACIFIC 2.

Pacific was defeated in the first game of the season by McMinnville College, on April 6, at McMinnville, the score being 9 to 2. Mac started out by scoring three runs in the first inning. In the second they were unable to score but they got one run in each of the next three innings and three in the seventh, making nine runs in all. P. C. had several chances to score in the early part of the game but failed on account of misplays. The two runs finally acquired by P. C. were made in separate innings and were both earned. Mac made most of her runs on errors, but showed the better form throughout the game. P. C. showed lack of practice and was weak in batting and infielding.

This was the first game of baseball ever played by a Pacific College team against another college. It is only in the last few years that base ball has been taken up by the smaller colleges of Oregon, but it has come to stay. It is not fair to place a ban on college base ball because there are some questionable features connected with professional base ball. It can be made as clean and manly as any other college sport and it justly deserves the popularity accorded our national game.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, our team is improving rapidly and when we meet Mac in the return game, P. C. will be able to give a good account of herself. The line up at Mac was as follows: Craven, c; Smith, p; Parker, 1b; Wiley, 2b; Lewis, George, 3b; Butt, ss; Elliott, lf; Langworthy, cf; Replogle, rf.



Rev. Whiteley led chapel April 26.

## THE CRESCENT.

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OLIN C. HADLEY, '14, Editor-in-Chief.

ARTHUR B. GEORGE, '13, Assistant Editor

ERMA HEACOCK, '14, Exchanges

CHRIS SMITH, '12, Athletics

NELL REUTER, '13

PAUL LEWIS '15

} Locals

RUSSELL PARKER, Acad., Business Manager

HARRY HAWORTH '15, Assistant Business Manager

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With this issue the new staff takes up the duties which fall to our lot. We realize that our responsibility is a great one, but we hope that, with the support of the school, without which we could do very little, we may be able to hold the high standard which the Crescent has held in the past, and possibly by our united efforts we may be able to advance a few notches.

The school paper is just as important as the athletics and other student activities as far as representing the school is concerned, as it is sent to the various schools throughout the United States which we carry on our exchange list. Thus we see that it is necessary to make our paper a good representative of the school. This should not be done by just a few, but each student should take it upon himself to help make the paper one



that he will be proud of and one that will represent the school as it should.

We certainly appreciate the work being done in our behalf by the Ladies' Auxiliary. They have looked after our needs in a way that shows their interest in the school. Their latest help is in raising the amount needed for the sidewalks about the college. Work is already under way on the grading of the grounds and the construction of the walks. These walks are needed badly, and they will add a great deal to the appearance of the building and grounds.



### Locals

In the final debate of the Intercollegiate Debating League of Oregon, held at Albany, Ore., April 26, Albany College won the League championship for the year by defeating Pacific College whose team defended the negative side of the question, "Resolved, That boards of arbitration with compulsory powers be created to settle disputes arising within the United States between employers and employees." In the preliminary debates Albany had defeated Willamette University, and Pacific had defeated McMinnville College, the same question having been used in all debates.

Two of the graduating class of 1911 visited the College April 18th and 19th. Mr. Falley Rasmussen is attending U. of O. and Miss Laura Hammer is teaching in the High School at North Yamhill. The College students are glad to learn that they are both enjoying their work and are making good.

Prof. Johnson (in Ornithology)—"Russell, are the feathers of a bird distributed uniformly over its body?"

Russell—"No; they're just scattered around any way, and where they can't get in a feather they put in a little hair."

Miss Elizabeth Fox, the territorial secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in the Northwest, is now making her visiting tour to the different associations in her territory. She will be the guest of Pacific College Y. W. C. A. May 7, 8, and 9.

The class in vocal expression has produced marvelous results in the voices of some students. In some of the reports in European History class such a soothing and restful tone quality is used as makes it difficult to keep slumber from the eyes of the professor.

The debate boys were accompanied to Albany by Prof. Hawkins, manager of the team, and Miss Lucile Davis, secretary of the Oregon Intercollegiate Debating League. On the following Monday morning Prof. Hawkins read in chapel from the first edition of "The Quaker City News Mangler," the report of the debate.

One day a robin with a protruding bunch of feathers on its breast caught the notice of the Ornithology students. Several theories were advanced as to the cause of this peculiar top-knot, but Earnest Thun's theory of "crop failure" put all others to hasty flight.

On Saturday, April 13, the Ornithology students and others "especially interested in birds," a crowd of twenty-three in all, under the supervision of Professor Johnson, went on the steamer "Seon" up the Willamette to the mouth of the Yamhill river for a day's bird hunt. The "Seon" left the crowd here with two row boats and sufficient picnic spirit for a crowd several times twenty-three. For lunch each person was expected to look out for No. A1. All reported a very profitable day spent.

P. S.—It has been reported later that a few specimens of the warm blooded vertebrate of the class *Aves* and orders *Anseres* and *Passeres* were seen on this trip.

Miss L.—"All great people are hard to get along with."

Chubby—"Would I be hard to get along with?"



Claude L.—“Get me some of that rhubarb, Dick.”  
Dick—“No; you’re rube enough now.”

The Pacific College mixed quartet sang a number of selections in chapel April 5. The student body showed their appreciation by a very hearty applause. The members of the quartet are, Corinne Bartholomew, soprano; Vera Seely, Alto; Rae Langworthy, tenor; and Claude Lewis, bass.

Pacific College has been represented twice in the teachers’ institutes of Yamhill county by President Pennington, Prof. Hawkins, and the College quartet. On April 6 these mentioned gave the program which closed the Teachers’ Institute at North Yamhill Saturday evening. The party went in sections. Pres. Pennington drove over in the morning. Four of the company, starting at three o’clock in the afternoon, found the Imperial bus quite spacious until Lafayette was reached, where Messrs. Langworthy and Lewis were taken in. Undoubtedly Prof. Hawkins would like to have it stated that he and Miss Seely on the front seat made splendid time (at driving), North Yamhill being reached at 6:30. On inquiring about the M. E. Church where the program was to be held, it was ascertained that there was no instrument except an organ in the church; and this fact, the singers and accompanist insisted, made their part of the program an impossibility. But Pacific College usually has the men for the hour., and the gentlemen of the party carried the public school piano down several flights of stairs and two blocks to the church. This exercise seemed only to put the participants in better trim for their parts on the program. Pres. Pennington delivered a splendid address, the subject of which was, “The Four Faces,” and Prof. Hawkins gave several readings which were enthusiastically received. The quartet rendered their selections in a manner reflecting credit upon all. After the program the Imperial bus left North Yamhill with all Pacific’s representatives. The long ride was pleasantly passed with an impromptu program, songs by the troupe, comic readings by Pres. Pennington and Prof. Hawkins, and a

prolonged silence by Mr. Langworthy. Newberg was reached the following Easter.

Rene, (writing a letter home)—Is there anything else that I can say to papa, Olie?”

Gladys Hannon missed two weeks of school on account of sickness.

Miss Lewis missed a week of school on account of the sickness of her mother. During her absence the German classes were taught by Erma Heacock and Rae Langworthy.



### Exchanges.

“If Hearst was in the same boat with the presidential candidate and used his pull, do you think he Woodrow Wilson?”—Ex.

The Acropolis, Whittier, Cal.: Yours is a very neatly arranged paper composed of good solid reading, but some cuts or cartoons would improve it greatly.

Kodak: You have too many jokes for the size of your paper. Your foreign language department is very unique, however.

Every admirer of Poe’s musical poetry should read, “The Technique of Poe’s Raven” in the March number of the “Norm.”

Teacher: When did the revival of learning begin?  
Pupil: Just before exams.

Whims: The cuts at the head of your departments are unusually good. Your paper is certainly well managed.

Clarion: Your “Lemon Tree” is entirely too productive.

Vepillem: Your exchange department is especially good.

The World: We congratulate your cartoonist. Your cover design is artistic.





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